THE
NATION

AUGUST 1, 1959 . . 25c

HITCHHIKING ACROSS ALGERIA

by Shane and Judith Mage

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TEST CASE ON ATOMIC WASTE

by Gerald McCourt

MESMERIZED BY McCARTHY

a review by George Dangerfield

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LETTERS

Stale Stuff

Dear Sirs: The Ronald W. May article, "Organized Crime and Disorganized Cops," in the June 27 issue, was most enlightening. I had noticed that the FBI seemed more interested in gaining appropriations from Congress to check subversive activities than in tangling with gun-toting gangsters.

There are a number of things which have bothered me about the McClellan hearings. One is that in the Texas cases, at least, the evidence had already been through the courts. Why bring up evidence and charges which had already been disposed of? I wish the investigations would get into something more substantial. So far, except for the Teamsters suffering in their public relations, about the only thing we have learned is that a disbarred judge in Tennessee was given a Cadillac by his wealthy friends when he was convicted of taking a Pontiac from a Teamster he had on trial.

ROSEMARY SCOTT

Houston, Tex.

City Politics

Dear Sirs: In "The Urban Vacuum" (*The Nation,* July 4) Professor Reagan says: "We also need a reversal of the tradition, well entrenched in some areas, that national party lines have no place in local politics. As local problems come to require national leadership and financial aid, an alliance of city political leaders with national parties becomes essential."

The statement runs counter to all American municipal government experience. The cities without national party lines in local politics have a much better governmental record than the cities still using them. They even do better in the matter of getting recognition and assistance from the federal government, because they generally know better what they need and know better how to use the help they receive.

ED. F. ALEXANDER

Cincinnati, O.

No Jobs Yet

Dear Sirs: For the fifth time within the last four years, the courts of New York State have ruled against the New York City Board of Education policy requiring that teachers become informers in order to clear themselves of subversive taint. The latest decision was rendered by the Court of Appeals about two weeks ago. The Board of Education has, thus far, made no move to reinstate the four teachers and the principal to whom the decision applies.

If individuals can be persecuted for refusal to deny moral principles universally recognized as essential to human decency, if the ruling of the court in redress of such injustice can be ignored, even in one small corner of the country, then the undermining of our democracy is still a very real danger.

SYLVIA KATZEN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Competition in Cruelty

Dear Sirs: In your issue of May 9, you state editorially that while both Mississippi and South Africa can boast of the highest concentration of racists in the world, in South Africa the beatings of non-whites are "official" while in the Southern state they are "unofficial."

Unhappily, there are "unofficial" beatings here in South Africa, too — perhaps more than in Mississippi. Lately, our English press has been exposing the frightful conditions in the farm-jails, into which Africans who have transgressed the complicated "pass laws" are pressed into service and where they receive beatings instead of wages. Occasionally, a particularly cruel farmer is taken to court, but the Minister of Justice has declined, presumably in the "public interest," to institute an inquiry which I am certain would make your Mississippi racists look like "nigger lovers."

H. B. KIMMEL

Cape Town, South Africa

Taking Jazz Out of the Kitchen

Dear Sirs: In the June 27 *Nation*, Nelson Algren writes: "I happened to be behind the piano the night Mr. Hentoff tried to make Miss Bessie Smith put on a lorgnette before he'd let her sing 'Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out.'"

Mr. Algren must have been well behind the piano, because in that scene from Xanadu, what happened was that Miss Smith was bugged at having to keep singing her jazz "in the kitchen." Visitors to the kitchen like Mr. Algren may well make an appreciative audience, but they haven't had their lives — economic and sometimes otherwise — depend on the carnivorous squares who often run the kitchens and the booking agents who act as their flesh peddlers (a cliché that still is often accurate). It's a matter of bread, not lorgnettes.

In asking for wider and more serious attention to jazz — even in *The Partisan Review's* "mouldering crypt" — I'm also trying to get for jazz players more of the kind of audience and working conditions in which they won't be exploited as they have been in the kitchen. Mr. Algren's romanticizing indicates that he has little notion of how many jazzmen — including Bessie Smith — have had to live.

NAT HENTOFF

New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

"What Strike?"

A half million steelworkers have been forced on strike. They are not asking for a shorter week or a fully guaranteed annual wage. At the final bargaining sessions, in almost panicky retreat, President David J. McDonald reduced the union's initial list of 250 demands to a modest wage increase and maintenance of the *status quo* in plant conditions. Since the Kefauver committee had established that a small rise was justified by technological improvements, the moderate wage adjustment for which the union was willing to settle could not have been the real issue on which negotiations were suspended. Nor does the industry's protestations that it needs more freedom to determine work rules make much sense in view of the enormous profits which will shortly be announced for the first six months of the year. One must, therefore, sympathize with Mr. McDonald's plaintive question: "What strike? The steel companies have deliberately shut down the American steel industry."

On February 21, Senator Kefauver suggested that the steelworkers might well agree to limit their wage demands to the increase in productivity, to be determined by an impartial fact-finding board, on condition that the steel companies agree not to raise prices. But he was told, and by Mr. McDonald, to keep his nose out of the steelworkers' affairs. Yet it is no secret that the union would have eagerly settled for an increase well within the range of the savings to be made possible by increased productivity. Should the strike now be settled without a wage increase, the industry will be able to appropriate these savings which the Kefauver committee estimates at approximately $100,000,000 annually. If management is genuinely concerned about inflation, it can easily demonstrate its sincerity by agreeing to pass these savings to consumers in the form of reduced prices. Rep. Chester Bowles has expressed the belief that the steel industry could, if wages were not increased, reduce prices by $15 a ton and still keep its profits at record level. But given the strong bargaining position of the industry, this is most unlikely. The real cause of the shutdown, one suspects, is the industry's desire to exhaust huge steel inventories and thus pave the way for both wage and price increases.

If the steel strike is not settled by August 17, when the AFL-CIO executive council meets prior to the September convention, the leaders of American labor will be plagued by a first-rate question. If the workers in an industry as enormously profitable as steel cannot make genuine progress in a boom period — progress that keeps pace in some substantial measure with increased productivity — then just when can American labor expect to make further social advances?

The Success We Don't Repeat

Is the TVA "yardstick" principle obsolete? The moment TVA challenged the identical bids of American manufacturers of electrical equipment by making awards to European low bidders (see "Buy American and Pay More" by George H. Hall, *The Nation*, June 20), the industry miraculously ordered a 15 per cent reduction in the prices of large turbine generators. And in other respects as well TVA has more than fulfilled its brilliant initial promise (see article p. 50). Today the success of the TVA "experiment" is incontestable — one of the rare unarguable facts of American politics. From every quarter of the world, engineers and social planners flock to the Tennessee Valley to marvel and, ultimately, to imitate. Why, then, are we so reluctant to repeat a success of this magnitude? Why has TVA remained the sole river valley authority?

To be sure, a nagging Republican opposition persists and the private power lobby is still vocal; for the last four years TVA has been unable to expand facilities to meet new demands. But a giant can afford to be magnanimous and a new bill offers substantial concessions to the critics of TVA. It would regularize TVA's finances by making it possible for the agency to finance new power installations by the issuance of revenue bonds which would *not* be tax-exempt. No longer would

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 15. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

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Congress appropriate funds for new generating facilities. It would also limit the area to be served by the project. But even if the President signs the bill—there has been talk of a veto—it will not mean that we have at last learned the lesson of TVA. The TVA idea may be copied in Egypt but not in Oregon and Washington; TVA has spawned progeny on the Nile, the Euphrates and the Zambezi but not on the Rio Grande, the Missouri, the Colorado, or the Columbia. And for this the old-line operating agencies in Washington, such as the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, rather than the power lobby, are primarily responsible.

Under Democratic administrations as under Republican, under liberal as under conservative leadership in the Department of the Interior and other departments directly concerned, the empire builders of the old-line agencies, with their fears and vested interests and powerful connections, have continued to block the river valley proposals. TVA itself cannot be handcuffed; the giant continues to work night and day and will now be permitted to expand to meet its area's new demands for power, which increase at a rate of about 12 per cent each year. But those servants of the people, the bureaucrats of the old-line agencies, will not permit the same idea to be applied elsewhere. In a democracy the ultimate power is the bureaucratic.

Trujillo on the Hot Tin Roof

Reliable news from the Dominican dictatorship is hard to come by, as it is from any hangout of thugs and gangsters, but by all indications Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina is in grave trouble. The behavior of the chief gangster himself is revealing. On Monday he announces that everything is fine and he is pondering new benefactions for his loyal subjects. On Tuesday he announces that his powerful army, navy and air force have just wiped out the latest invasion force of eight men in "an inferno of fire." On Wednesday tranquillity rules once more, but on Thursday the Generalissimo's Minister of Labor, an "outstanding liberal influence," is killed in a mysterious automobile accident which, according to Representative Charles O. Porter, a specialist in Trujillo criminology, "shrieks of murder." Friday is one long siesta, but then *The New York Times* correspondent who reported the sudden death of the minister is hustled out of the country, after which a new rally is ordered to dedicate two new statues to the great benefactor. In addition to these hectic alternations, efforts by Batista to get out of the "Republic" are evidence that the Dominican climate has become insalubrious for dictators, active or retired.

If the end of the Trujillo reign is near, few Americans will be sorry. But there will be some mourners besides the Generalissimo's paid press agents. Apparently a number of our diplomats and military commanders in the Caribbean have only the kindliest feelings toward their host, as long as he has his yacht and palaces. Senator Eastland will drop a tear; according to the Dominican Diplomatic Information *Bulletin*, he eulogized Trujillo as one of the free world's great men and went on to say, "As a U.S. Senator I respect him, I admire him, and I render him homage." To Senator Eastland, Trujillo is a bulwark against communism. For such bulwarks the Communists can be sincerely grateful.

The Eastern Bulwark

If the Dominican dictatorship is a bastion of anti-communism, the same is true, and in greater degree, of the Spanish dictatorship and its Generalissimo, Francisco Franco. And again there are Americans to extol and defend. On July 16, the Hon. Joseph M. Montoya (D., New Mexico) came before the well of the House to "salute the friendly Government and the great people of Spain." Yielding from time to time to gentlemen from Massachusetts, Wisconsin, California, Ohio and other states too numerous to mention, Mr. Montoya eulogized the *conquistadores*, the missionary friars, Queen Isabella and, in the loudest burst of eloquence, Generalissimo Franco himself. Between them, he and his coadjutors occupied sixty minutes and nine pages of the *Congressional Record*. Tending to the literary, Mr. Reuss (D., Wisconsin) paid tribute to "that delightful classic, *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes," but almost all the speakers referred to Franco as the nearly indispensable man in the struggle against Communist tyranny, and thanked God for the bases he has kindly allowed us to establish in his fair land.

Under cover of this tremendous flow of Hispanic-oriented praise, preparations were being made to admit Spain as a full member of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, the cooperation in this case consisting of credits in the amount of nearly $500 million, largely, of course, from the pockets of American taxpayers. But would this latest subsidy avail, any more than earlier ones? After the injection of $1 billion in American aid and an additional $400 million for the construction of bases, Spain was still in a state of economic crisis, with inflation and corruption slowly accumulating the makings of an anti-Franco uprising.

There is not the slightest sign that anything has been, or can be, fundamentally changed in Spain as long as Franco and the Falange remain in power. The value of the peseta has been cut almost in half. This may help tourism, but for the Spanish it means more belt-tightening. Meanwhile, Spain is being drawn, willy-nilly, back into the main currents of European economic and political life, from which Franco has long and sagaciously kept it isolated. "No human being," writes Leonard Woolf, "can be quite as cynical, quite as ironical, as facts." It is as true of Franco as of anyone else.

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Men of Principle

Late in June, thirty-four employees resigned from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and another thirty workers signified their intention to resign. Almost all were top operating personnel in the Talks and Public Affairs Section of CBC radio, and their departure promised to erase broadcast opinion from the Canadian air. The cause was management's decision to drop a three-minute morning program, *Preview Commentary*, on which guest political reporters summarized their opinions of current Parliamentary business. Within forty-eight hours, the Board of Governors at CBC had "reconsidered" and *Preview* was back on the air. The resignations were not accepted and the staff returned to work.

This is both a heartening and a somewhat foreboding incident. The men who quit CBC were not challenging management's right to decide which shows should stay and which should go. They resigned precisely because they believed (and subsequent conversations in Parliament abundantly confirmed their opinion) that CBC had not decided, but had knuckled under to political threats. CBC Acting General Manager E. L. Bushnell was quoted as saying that heads would roll if the show were not killed; among the heads mentioned was that of Revenue Commissioner George Nowlan, who could be put to the block only by Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Because they were willing to go jobless for their convictions, and because they moved at once and together, the CBC staff forced their bosses to act like men of principle. Morale of this quality is an object of wonder in these accommodating days.

But behind the furore, which engrossed Canadian public and government for several days and unhappily knocked Queen Elizabeth's itinerary right out of the headlines, there is a baleful murmur. One member of Parliament was heard to say: "The CBC is trying too hard to build a Hollywood-type empire." During the crisis, *The New York Times* correspondent in Ottawa filed a story to the point that CBC is a deficit operation and uses public funds. During one moment of panic, Mr. Bushnell was heard to speak of plans for "wrecking" the CBC. And last month a Commons committee report on broadcasting recommended that revenue from certain types of very profitable program, sports broadcasts, for example, should be relinquished to private interests.

Doubtless, there are business and political groups in Canada that would like to wreck the CBC and substitute free-enterprise broadcasting. And the recent flare-up, though happily settled, is an argument for them that they will not overlook. They will note piously that no government agency can be free of political threats and that one cannot expect employees to be heroes on every occasion. The only way to assure freedom of the Canadian air, they will say, is to turn the facilities over to private, competing networks. Here is the Toronto *Star* on that possibility:

> The choice is between a Canadian state-controlled system . . . with some Canadian content and the development of a Canadian sense of identity, at a substantial public cost; and a privately-owned system which the forces of economics will necessarily make predominantly dependent on imported American radio and television programs.

The insurgents at CBC won a battle for principle; they must now make sure that in the continuing war their victory is not made to count against them.

TEST CASE ON ATOMIC WASTE . . *Gerald McCourt*

New Britain, Conn.

WHAT MAY COME to be known as "the case of the radioactive garbage" has set this industrial community on edge, and carries with it important implications for the atomic age into which the world is slowly and irresistibly moving. To put the issue quite simply, the people of New Britain, aroused by the public controversies over the dangers of radioactivity, don't want a local trucking firm to haul atomic wastes along their streets or to store the wastes, even temporarily, anywhere within their city.

Now, of course, what the people of New Britain — population 80,000 — want or don't want isn't of itself going to haul the curtain either up or down on the atomic era. But this is the third Connecticut community that has barred the same trucker from pursuit of an atomic dollar; and a similar situation has arisen in Houston, Texas. Since we are only on the threshold of an atomic industry, and since American sensitivity to the dangers of radioactivity seems to be increasing, the outlook for more trouble of the same kind could not be brighter. The wider the use of atomic energy, the bigger the waste problem is going to become.

To appreciate the local situation in New Britain, it is necessary to grasp something of the broader picture. Since 1945, this country has acquired a sixty-million-gallon cesspool of atomic wastes, at a cost to taxpayers of about $2 a gallon. These are "hot" wastes, with a high radioactivity level, derived directly from the Atomic Energy Commission's atomic plants, and 95 per cent of them are stored in steel and concrete pits near Hanford, Washington. Sci-

GERALD McCOURT is the New Britain correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

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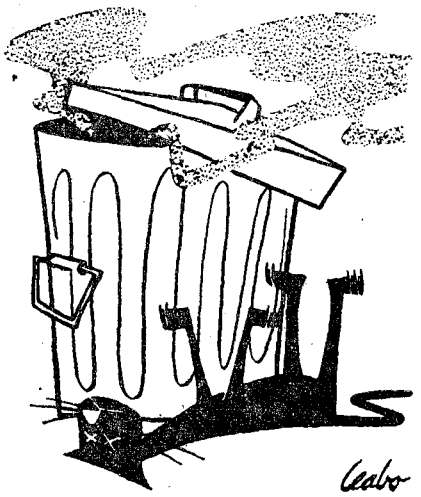
entists at Oak Ridge National Laboratory are examining the problem of "hot" waste. Some of it can be reprocessed into useful isotopes, but in the process new wastes are produced, so reprocessing is not likely to be a final answer. Abandoned salt mines in Kansas are being surveyed in the hope that they can be used safely for disposal purposes.

But aside from this "hot" material, there are also low-level radioactive wastes. Radioactive isotopes, used with increasing frequency for medical purposes and in some industries, contaminate everything they touch: a glass receptacle, a rag, a carcass used in an experiment, a bit of chemical or mechanical apparatus — all present a disposal problem. The accepted method for disposal is to collect the material in steel drums and bury it under a minimum of 6,000 feet of sea water. Obviously, it would not be economical for a barge to set out to sea every time a steel drum has been filled; the drums must be collected, transported to a storage place, and held there for the final sea journey.

The AEC has set down rigid rules for handling such material, from specifications for the container to regulations governing the amount of wastes that can be held at any time in a "collection" point.

Since much of the low-level radioactive wastes is produced by non-governmental institutions — hospitals, industrial plants, etc. — their disposal is usually arranged for by contract with a private firm. A company going into this business must acquire a license from the AEC; moreover, there are always local health and zoning ordinances regulating the disposal of waste materials, whether they are radioactive or not. Prior to 1958, the AEC had licensed three firms for the purpose — one in San Francisco, another in Culver City, California, and a third in Boston. Since then, a half-dozen additional firms have been licensed, most of them on the West Coast.

THE WALKER Trucking Co. of New Britain is a subsidiary of the Harris Trucking Co., a large local firm; its president is Robert E. Harris. Some time ago the Walker outfit tried to get permission to operate locally in the atomic-waste disposal business, but abandoned the effort when opposition developed. Mr. Harris then applied for, and obtained, an AEC license to operate in nearby Portland, Conn. But Portland town officials quickly passed an ordinance prohibiting the establishment of any atomic-waste plants, and on the basis of this ordinance Mr. Harris' permit was revoked.



The Walker firm then switched its attention to Newington, a small town adjoining New Britain. Here, again, it ran into opposition from residents. The next step was back to New Britain. In late May, the Washington, D.C., correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* ferreted out of a government publication a small item which announced that, on June 3, public hearings would be held in the New Britain Post Office on the application of the Walker Trucking Co. for a permit to handle atomic wastes. "In the absence of cause shown to the contrary," the announcement read, "the Atomic Energy Commission staff proposes to recommend that a permit be issued for the operation." Since up to the moment when the reporter's eye fell on the announcement, nobody but the AEC and the Walker Trucking Co. knew of the impending "public" hearings, it is not likely that any "cause to the contrary" would have been shown. Now, via the *Courant*, the matter reached the local press, and within twenty-four hours New Britain's health director, Dr. Louis J. Dumont, was on record as opposing the permit because of the "possibility of spillage of the waste materials on city streets during the transportation period." New Britain's citizens, and particularly home-owners in the vicinity of the area where Mr. Harris proposed to store the wastes, joined in bringing pressure to bear to stop the project.

This was a big jolt to the Walker Trucking Co. which, apparently confident that things would go smoothly both with the AEC and with the city authorities, had already built a steel-and-concrete storage structure.

City Alderman Patrick C. Nolan, in whose ward the plant was situated, set machinery in motion for a hurried meeting of the City Council "to go on record in opposition to the trucking firm's request." Mr. Harris countered by urging the city fathers not to "pre-judge" his application. Pointing out the high standards of safety demanded by the AEC, and his firm's reputation for reliability, he said that the public was "demoralized and confused by statements made by unqualified officials and self-styled authorities."

ON THE night before the deadline which the AEC had set for filing petitions for leave to intervene in the June 3 hearings, the City Council met, with an audience of restive home-owners from the affected area in attendance. The city fathers were also presented with a petition, signed by 1,000 New Britain residents, opposing the project. Alderman Richard J. Bordiere was critical of the AEC for having failed to give adequate publicity to the impending public hearing. But none of this moved the City Council. Possibly with an eye on the city's tax base (which would be broadened by the addition of the new plant), the council voted down Mr. Nolan's motion, adopting a "wait and see" attitude.

In preparation for the AEC's public hearing, home-owners opposed to the project retained Algert F. Politis, a local attorney. Mr. Politis sought, but was denied, a ninety-day postponement, and the hearing opened on schedule in the Court House, the Post Office having proved too small to accommodate the crowd. Officials of the trucking firm testified that the building erected to

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store the waste materials was in strict conformance with AEC regulations; government witnesses testified that the ten-acre site on which the building was located was safe for the storing of atomic waste. A scientist from the AEC's division of licensing and regulation testified that radiation from the waste materials to be handled would be "well within AEC safety limits."

The opposition, which had been unable to secure the services of expert witnesses in the short time since the *Courant* had broken the story, was unable to score many points against this impressive array. It did, however, secure from the AEC an adjournment of the hearing, first for three weeks and then, subsequently, for sixty days. The hearing is now scheduled for resumption in September, but because of collateral developments, the results are likely to be academic.

FOR meanwhile the aroused citizens consolidated their organization — it is now known as People vs. Atomic Waste — and secured 2,000 more names for the anti-waste petition. Apparently it was public pressure that forced the City Council, on June 17, to approve an ordinance prohibiting "the storage, temporary or otherwise, packaging or disposal of any fissionable or radioactive material or by-products within the limits of the City of New Britain." The vote was on strict party lines, eight Democrats voting for, and four Republicans against. So, unless the City Council can be prevailed upon to change its mind again, the Walker Trucking Co. will have to find another use for its new edifice.

Robert E. Harris insists that he will go to the courts if necessary in support of his application to pursue a legitimate and "socially necessary" occupation. "These wastes have got to be disposed of somewhere," he said. "The AEC's strict regulations make the operation I propose absolutely safe. So sure am I about this that I purposely located the new plant on our own property, only 400 feet from my home. Would I have done this if I thought there was any danger to my six children?"

Mr. Harris pointed out that, under AEC regulations, he could store only a limited number of drums at any one time, depending on the intensity of the radioactivity of the contents. The drums would then be trucked — possibly in lots of 100 to 200 — to a point along the Connecticut shore, loaded on a barge, and dumped in the nearest AEC dumping ground about thirty miles off the New Jersey coast.

Meanwhile, People vs. Atomic Waste is not remaining idle. In preparation for the mid-September resumption of the adjourned AEC hearing, the citizens' group has asked two scientists from New York City to prepare a report on the whole project. The report, when it comes, may open the way for something that is urgently needed: a state-wide, perhaps a nation-wide, standardization of the processes by which AEC and local permits are issued for the disposal of atomic wastes.

"This is something which affects everyone in a community," said one member of People vs. Atomic Waste. "In Houston, Texas, an AEC examiner granted a waste-disposal license after a hearing in which two Texas counties and the Sportsmen's Club of Texas appeared in opposition. The Sportsmen's Club appealed to the AEC, which will re-hear the issue in October. Clearly, the AEC is sensitive to public sentiment. But public sentiment must have time to generate. It may be that the operation proposed by Mr. Harris is absolutely safe, but the manner in which the matter was handled is certainly subject to criticism. If a reporter had not accidentally come across that tiny item in Washington, what kind of 'public hearing' would we have had?

"Only now is the public getting some information about the fallout from nuclear explosions. We are equally entitled to information about the 'fallups' from buried nuclear wastes."

HITCHING ACROSS ALGERIA . . *Shane and Judith Mage*

Tunis, July 2

IF ALL THE barbed wire in Algeria were stretched taut, there would be enough to form a Cross of Lorraine as broad and deep as the Continent of Africa.

After an eight-day hitchhiking trip across Algeria, barbed wire was our most vivid impression: bales of barbed wire serving as roadblocks, barbed wire strung around military compounds and "regrouped" villages, tangles of barbed wire along the tops of walls, running above the hedges of private gardens, cutting off paths in the parks, blocking streets. Old, rusty barbed wire; new, gleaming barbed wire.

We had received our ten-day Algerian transit visa from the French consulate in Casablanca following a two-and-a-half-month delay. At Oujda, the refugee-packed city on the Algero-Moroccan frontier, we boarded a truck transporting oranges to Algiers.

"No photos from here to Oran," the clerk at the Border Control warned us. We crossed the frontier. Opposite, on the wall of an abandoned farmhouse was painted ICI, LA FRANCE in block letters. Old men, jogging along side-saddle on their donkeys, wore tattered European clothes, rather than the customary *djellabas* of Morocco.

A few kilometers beyond Marnia, in a region of barren, eroded slopes, we drove past a collection of tents cramped together on a hillside above a French military post. "That's a prison," the driver explained. Two truckloads of Algerian prisoners

SHANE and JUDITH MAGE, an American husband-and-wife writing team, have just completed a tour of North Africa.

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passed us, preceded by a jeep, followed by a truck with a mounted machine gun. All along the route were more abandoned farmhouses; their proprietors have moved into the cities and towns, and return only during the day to supervise the work in their fields. We were halted several times on the outskirts of villages and at crossroads, where very young, fresh-faced soldiers checked our papers.

For most of the distance from Oujda to Oran the land seems a single vineyard. On the walls of the small-town cafés are signs advertising sulfate additives and the American vines whose high yield and low quality are flooding the French market with cheap Algerian wine, ruining the small French vintner and contributing no little to French alcoholism.

"ICI, LA FRANCE"? In Oran one might almost think so. The narrow, traffic-jammed streets, the tall, narrow apartment houses with their peeling walls, suggest a section of Paris or Lyons. The war seems distant from Oran—the surrounding region has long been counted as "pacified" and the city itself is the only one in Algeria where there is no curfew. But cafés and restaurants are full of soldiers on weekend leave, a hotel room impossible to find. Anything not occupied by soldiers is inhabited on a permanent basis by *colons* who have taken refuge in the city.

Oran does not know the sharp division between Arab and European quarters characteristic of Moroccan cities, and some of its neighborhoods could even be called "integrated." We visited the *Bas Quartier*, the old Spanish town near the port. In the inner courtyard of a tenement, Algerian, French and Spanish children played together, their mothers gossiping as they hung the wash.

That evening we met a young draftee who has spent the past eight months in Algeria. "I have yet to see a *fellagha*," he told us. "I earn 1,000 francs a month ($2.03). I'm in for twenty-eight months and they're trying to increase this term. The food is terrible. We're practically at the seashore, yet the fish comes from Oran, is a week old and decaying. Everybody in camp gets dysentery sooner or later."

The next day, en route from Oran to Algiers via Orleansville, we heard more about the plight of the draftee.

"The little soldiers are sent here to defend the *colons*," the young wife of a French gendarme told us as she drove us toward Algiers. "But the *colons* never even invite them to their homes, even though they're requested to do so by the TSF [Army-controlled radio]."

The gendarme's wife hastened to inform us that she was from the "*Metropole*," in Algeria only because her husband had been sent here for a three-year term. "You must understand that our ideas are not those of the settlers. What's happening here is their fault. They treat the Moslems like dogs, especially the Spanish settlers. Anyone would take up arms under those conditions. And now it is we, the little people, who have to sacrifice for the rich *colons* who aren't even French."

Our next driver, an army captain, invited us to eat lunch at his officers' mess. When we arrived at the headquarters of the 3rd Alpine Infantry Battalion, 12th Company, we were offered a guided tour and provided with a jeep, a young second lieutenant to drive, and another soldier to mount guard in the back seat with a machine gun across his knees. We bounced along feeling somewhat exposed—the lieutenant had been vague about the frequency of "incidents" on these rutted back roads.

First stop was the regrouped village of Bou Henni completed about six months ago. One hundred and twenty cement-block houses, arranged in even rows, shelter families who were formerly scattered in little *douars* in the hills. The whole is enclosed in barbed wire; at the entrance a large wooden sign reads:

Commission du Construction
L'Amélioration de l'Habitat Rurale.

But the lieutenant freely admitted the object of the regroupment: to prevent delivery of money and supplies to the FLN forces. "This way we can protect the peasants from the demands of the *fellaghas*."

The regrouped villages are a very recent creation; the oldest date from little more than a year ago. But already more than one million Algerian peasants have been regrouped (the Moslem population of Algeria is about nine million). Last April *Le Monde* printed lengthy excerpts from a report drawn up at the order of Paul Delouvrier, de Gaulle's "special representative" in Algeria. According to this report, villages are often established so far from the peasants' fields that they are unable to continue cultivation, or to maintain their livestock. Consequently, many villages become entirely dependent on the French commandant for sustenance.

WE entered one of the cement-block houses. A walled-in court, two small rooms, dirt floor. A tall armoire with the family crockery, a low table, a pile of bedding heaped in a corner to be spread out on the floor at night. Though a water tower has been built for the village, no plumbing has yet been installed. No electricity. No sanitary facilities. But these will be provided, the lieutenant said. Water is obtained from a nearby irrigation canal—safe water is too distant to be carried in jugs. There is much stomach trouble. "But I don't have the impression that they have any more illness than we do." The lieutenant grinned.

Down the road was another village only two weeks old—that is, only two weeks earlier the villagers had been brought here and lodged in army tents. Immediately some thirty soldiers of the Alpine Infantry Battalion and some fifteen Algerian political prisoners had set to work demolishing the former houses, carting the blocks of sun-baked earth down from the hills, and putting them together again. When we arrived, the soldiers and prisoners were laboring under a broiling late-morning sun. The soldiers dropped their shovels and clustered around the jeep. "They'd rather be off in combat," the lieutenant remarked.

In two weeks nearly five houses had been reconstructed, but sixty families remain in the tents. They have built brush enclosures for their animals, though there appears to be little grazing land in the vicinity.

We asked the lieutenant if the people felt like prisoners here. He was

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surprised. "Certainly not, they can come and go as they please."

"But can they return to their old homes?"

"No, that they cannot do—besides, their old homes no longer exist."

We wondered why a village couldn't be constructed *before* the people were regrouped. "Impossible. This is an operation that is decided upon and carried out rapidly. In addition, there is absolutely no money allocated by Paris or anyone else to build these villages. For Bou Henni we managed to secure a loan. For this village we have nothing. The labor is the soldiers and prisoners, the materials from the old houses."

"L'Amélioration de l'Habitat Rurale."

AT 2 P.M. we were out on the road again, in the scanty shade of an olive tree, awaiting a ride. After some time a car stopped, but when we saw the driver we hesitated. He was a parachutist, in full regalia from boots to beret. He was, we discovered, a Foreign Légionnaire, an Austrian, stationed the past twelve years in Madagascar, Indo-China and now Algeria. Master sergeant and radio technician, he earns 145,000 francs a month ($300), 145 times the pay of the second-class draftee. He drove as a para should drive, leaning hard on the horn as he came up behind other cars, turning about and shouting *Salaud!* at drivers who didn't move over fast enough.

We reached Affreville at about 5:15 P.M. At 5:30 the road closes, for the next eighteen kilometers wind through deep gorges. The control waved us on. The road was badly rutted, and after five minutes a tire went flat. We got out and the para started changing the tire. On either side, steep, thickly wooded hills. We edged away from the car and our all-too-conspicuous companion. "I hope another tire doesn't go," he remarked as we piled back in. "I don't have another spare." Several minutes passed, when suddenly the car began to shudder. We generously offered to remove ourselves, thus reducing the pressure on the wheel. He thanked us and apologized for not getting us to Algiers. We soon flagged down a delivery truck.

Our new driver was middle-aged and, we noted with relief, Algerian. We drove by a couple of regrouped villages. A line of men sat propped against a wall.

"The people there are forced to come," the driver said suddenly. "They are led there and then the soldiers destroy their houses. After the war is over they'll all go back. Before, they had a little wheat, a place for their herds to feed. Not much, but enough to live. Now they have nothing. It is a real atrocity."

"The war is a terrible thing," he added. "There have been frightful atrocities on both sides. But what can we do? It is not in our hands."

Our driver went only to the next village. A big, slow truck that had passed us during our first breakdown, halted. We squeezed into the cab with the driver and his assistant, both Algerians.

For some distance the driver remained silent. He'd seen us with the para. We explained that we were Americans, tourists, hitchhikers. "Are you journalists?" he asked.

"We've written a few articles."

His suspicious attitude quickly vanished. "I'm sorry, I didn't know what you were."

We were passing a large farm. Again, the floodgates opened with a surprising suddenness. "Our labor has given the *colons* everything they have—and they treat us as less than slaves. They tell you Algeria is France? They themselves aren't French; they aren't human beings. They have no hearts."

Are all the Europeans who live in Algeria like this?

"No. I come from the region of the Aures [mountains to the south of Constantine, where the revolution began in 1954]. There are Europeans there who have never been hurt. Why? Because they have always, even before 1954, treated the Algerians as fellow men. They invite us to their table. When they employ an Algerian they pay him a decent wage. They respect our religion."

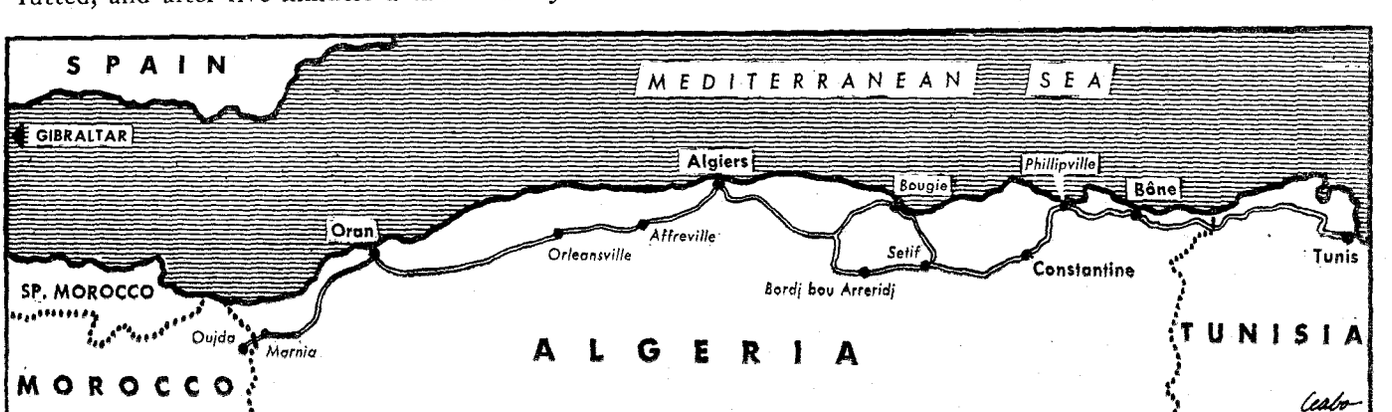
Are there many like that?

"More than one might think—but still a small minority. And they cannot open their mouths. I have a friend whose brother was shot down by a *colon* last year. A European saw it and went to the police to denounce the murderer. That night the police came to take him and the next day he was found dead.

"Here it is the *colons* who are the law. They can kill an Algerian on a whim. In 1956, my wife was eight months pregnant and I sent her to have the baby at the house of her father in Biskra. A *colon* went wandering through the streets one day, shooting at Moslems. My wife was killed in her father's doorway by a sub-machine gun volley."

"Do things like that go on today?" we ventured.

"Today—and tomorrow as well, and right here in Algiers. Not during the day but at night there will be Algerians killed. But remember,



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it is not the army that does it but always the *colons*.

"I hope you'll keep your eyes open. The French are trying to fool people. They're suddenly building schools—they don't even have real teachers. It's all a masquerade. Like the elections when they forced us to vote at gun point. Or like last year when they said our women had thrown away their veils. It was only the prostitutes who did that."

As a truck driver he makes 30,000 francs a month ($60) on which he must support seven people. He had been out of work for a year before finding this job a week ago.

"Why the long unemployment?"

"I went to school. I know too much and I think for myself too much. They don't want someone who can think—they want someone who will work like an animal.

"You must understand the struggle of the Algerian people is *not* for independence. Independence? That's an empty word. We are fighting for only one thing: human dignity."

THE TRUCKER drove us to the door of the youth hostel in Algiers. A group of soldiers had requisitioned most of it, leaving only a basement and a corridor which had been packed with beds for young voyagers.

Although the war is measurably closer here than in Oran, Algiers too, gives the impression of a bustling, prosperous city. Crowds fill the downtown sidewalks throughout the day and evening. Department stores are packed with customers, though at the outer door every man is frisked and the women must open their handbags.

In Oran there were police and soldiers but no paratroopers. In Algiers paratroopers abound. Along the streets leading from the post office to the Place du Gouvernement paras are stationed at each corner. Tall and grim, generally Vietnamese, they grip machine pistols with both hands. We asked a para if we could take his picture. He said no, unsmiling.

The next morning, map and guidebook in hand, we entered the Kasbah. Ancient wooden doors, decorated with bronze tacks, now bear stickers and posters:

VOTER, C'EST BIEN; VOTER OUI, C'EST MIEUX

VOTER NON, C'EST L'IDIOTIE; NE PAS VOTER, C'EST LA TRAHISON

LA FRANCE CONSTRUIT; LE FELLAGHA DETRUIT

FAITES CONFIANCE DANS LA FRANCE GENEREUSE

We strolled through the twisting streets, splashing a little as the drainage system is very poor, passing under the buttresses which keep the sagging buildings from toppling. We turned a corner and came face to face with a machine gun. The two soldiers stared as we walked by. Soldiers or police? "There are ten different kinds of police in Algiers," the trucker had said.

We continued through the Kasbah to the Place du Gouvernement, where we came upon a large café with all its windows blown out. The café was filled to overflowing, and we concluded that whatever happened must have happened long ago. That evening we read in the *Journal d'Alger* that a grenade had been tossed into the café the night before, wounding four Moslems.

The French of France and the Algerians of Algeria both tend to think of the Europeans of Algeria as rich *colons*. Even our brief glimpse of Algiers and Oran, cities half of whose populations are European, showed what a dangerous over-simplification that is. These Europeans, whose great-grandfathers came to Algeria from France, Italy or Spain, are mainly people of very modest condition: shopkeepers, workers, government employees. If they are substantially privileged in comparison to the mass of desperately poor Moslem Algerians, they are at least as far removed from the great overlords of Algeria: the Borgeauds, Blachettes, de Serignys, Schiaffinos.

WE LEFT Algiers for Constantine equipped, as usual, with much diverse and discordant information as to the security of the route. From Bouira, about one hundred kilometers east of Algiers, to Bordj bou Arreridj, some 120 kilometers further on, the road passes through the foothills of the Grande Kabylie, and it was at Bouira that we decided to hold out for a truck—with an Algerian driver.

When we had waited three hours, a truck carrying steel girders to Bordj picked us up. The driver assured us we were sensible to prefer an Algerian. "The FLN operates here even in broad daylight. They'll stop a car or truck, burn it, take the driver into the hills and cut him in two. At night the Algerian soldiers come down and write *'République Algérienne'* on the road." He pointed out one of these inscriptions as we passed over it, as well as an ALGERIE VIVRA LIBRE painted in green on a wall, the only such slogan we saw in Algeria.

"The FLN can hold the mountains for twenty years," the driver asserted proudly. "The war will never end until we have independence."

Might a compromise be reached short of that goal?

"Never!"

FROM Bordj to Setif we rode with a French engineer who has set up eighty-three prefabricated schools in the mountain villages during the past six months. "Not too many teachers as yet; soldiers and the Koranic scholars fill in. But it's better than nothing."

From Setif to Constantine, the road runs through endless fields of still-green barley. A young soldier picked us up. We asked if he was stationed in Constantine. He pointed to his epaulettes. "Don't you know what this stands for?"

No.

"The SAS — 'Section Administrative Specializé.' I am what you call a 'political commissar.' It is the SAS which is conducting the struggle with the FLN to win over the population of Algeria. That is the real goal of the war, you know."

The "political commissar," a lieutenant trained at St. Cyr, spent one school year learning Arabic, to prepare for this work. There are only 649 others like him in Algeria, charged with the control of some 1,300 "communes." He himself is responsible for three. His task is to break up the FLN "politico-administrative network" and substitute that of the French.

We asked how the SAS operates.

"Our chief arm is the loudspeaker. But on the other hand there is the need for repression. If I catch a member of the FLN politico-administrative network—a collector of

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funds, arms, supplies for the *fallaghas*—I have him shot on the spot."

How are such people discovered?

"Primarily through denunciation by villagers who are fed up with the demands of the FLN."

Algerians *suspected* of nationalist activity are placed in internment camps. "They are not badly treated. They work. But those who we think are real *salopards* are shot."

But the message of the SAS loudspeakers is: the FLN means violence and misery, France stands for peace and well-being.

"It is our program of medical aid that really backs us up. Army doctors are placed at the service of the village. Most who come are women and children. A few men now, though in the villages under real FLN domination there are no longer any men."

IN preparation for the delicate SAS mission, the lieutenant was instructed in more than the Arabic language. "I had to learn the mores, the customs, the psychology of these people. They don't have the same mentality we do, they don't think the same way at all. We look toward the future, we try to improve our existence. But they take everything as it is. If they have fifteen children, 'It is God's will.' If ten of them die, 'It is God's will.'

"They will go with whoever is the strongest. They have a proverb: 'When you are a spade, bow your head. When you are a hammer, strike hard.' And another: 'Kiss the hand that strikes you, but bite the hand that caresses you.'

"I have under my command some Goumiers [Moslem regular army soldiers]. If one of them does something bad I don't imprison or dock him. I give him fifty lashes with my *cravache*. Afterwards he thanks me."

We mentioned having seen a large number of Moslem soldiers in French uniforms in the cities and towns.

"There are 150,000," he said.

Reliable?

"Yes. About two-thirds are in for reasons of personal vengeance—the FLN killed members of their families, blew up their shops. . . . But there is a small minority, especially the educated, who understand what we are fighting for."

Did he find no Algerians, we wondered, who supported the FLN, not simply because it was, momentarily, the stronger, but because they desired independence?

"'Independence?' No one wants 'independence.' The concept doesn't exist in their minds. Proof is that in the Arab language there is no word for independence."

Was the political warfare of the SAS succeeding?

"Yes. It is due to us that the Algiers and Oran regions are cleaned up and tranquil now. Constantine is the most difficult. It was here that the war began, and here where it will end."

The last thirty kilometers to Constantine were traversed in a delivery truck of the Constantine *Dépêche*. The driver, an Algerian, carries the papers each morning from Constantine to Bougie on the coast, starting out at 3 A.M. He has been shot at four times, but always before dawn.

From the hills, two or three kilometers distant, we noticed a column of smoke rising. "That's the FLN!" the driver and several Moslem passengers exclaimed. "They are roasting a sheep."

The driver declared that the FLN is losing strength.

"When the revolution began they had 90 per cent of the people with them. Now it is different." Only Algerians, we discovered, would pronounce the word "revolution." For the French it is the "rebellion" or more likely, the "events."

AT NOON, in Constantine, the hotels were already filled—with soldiers, with *colons*, with people who can find no other place to live. While searching for a hotel in the old quarter north of the Place de la Breche, we passed the big police headquarters. From the basement, whose grilled windows extended halfway above street level, we could hear loud and terrible cries, each cry accompanied by a thump. A little yellow sticker pasted on the wall caught our eye. "*Dépêchez-vous de les appeler* mes frères, *avant que l'autres ne les appellent* camarades." (Hurry up and call them *brothers*, before others call them *comrades*.)

We walked up the main street leading from the Place de la Breche. Here, as everywhere else in the city, every bar, every café, every restaurant is fronted with iron grillwork, fine enough to keep out all but the smallest fragments of a bomb or grenade. Sometimes the grillwork forms a kind of maze in front of the door. Every side street leading off this main thoroughfare was barred midway by an iron fence topped with barbed wire.

For the third time during our trip we were stopped on the street and asked for our papers. But not at gun point, as were the Algerians. The police grew friendly after the check, and commended us on our courage. Being called "courageous" so often had begun to get on our nerves.

We started the next morning for Bone where we were to take the plane to Tunis. From Bone to the Tunisian frontier is only 116 kilometers, but passage across the frontier is impossible. All our information, so contradictory as regards other sections of Algeria, was in accord on this point.

Our first ride was with an elderly rural policeman, an Algerian, who by his own admission was "with the French." "What choice do I have? I work for them." But he spoke with pride of how the FLN, despite its lack of heavy arms or planes, keeps the French occupied.

"Everyone wants an Algerian government," he said. "But extremists —the FLN—want it without the French, and moderates want it with the French, a sort of federated system like you have in the United States."

We asked if the FLN would be willing to compromise.

"Yes," he answered, "they will compromise. Everyone is tired of the war."

The rural policeman turned off on the route for Phillipville, leaving us at the junction where we were picked up by a very young Frenchman, an inspector of the prefabricated schools that the engineer from Setif was putting up. He too must drive a great deal on the back country roads. Once his car was riddled by machine-gun bullets. "It happened a few kilometers further along this road. I'll show you the place." We scrounched down a little in our seats.

As he drove he glanced suspicious-

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ly at the agricultural workers laboring in the fields along the road. "Sometimes the *fellaghas* disguise themselves like that and when you pass they shoot at you." We scrounched down a bit lower.

For the first time we passed French heavy artillery, pointed at the nearby hills. "They're going to shell for several hours and then go in and clean it out."

We reached Bone. Once again we were greeted by a painted slogan: LA SEINE TRAVERSE PARIS, LA MEDITERRANEE LA FRANCE.

THE SAS lieutenant had told us: "You may have expected to find Algeria a country of fire and blood, but now you see this isn't true."

We saw neither fire nor blood. But in everything we did see, they were implied.

Is Algeria nearly "pacified," as de Gaulle has claimed? The acceleration of the campaign to relocate the peasantry and place it under close surveillance, the interdiction of travel on main highways after early evening, the continued presence of more than half a million French troops who, in the words of the SAS man "suffer very heavy losses whenever we take the offensive against the *fellaghas*." . . . We had a right to be dubious.

TVA: THE UNLEARNED LESSON . . *Lloyd Armour*

Nashville, Tenn.

TWENTY-SIX years separate the historic legislation creating the Tennessee Valley Authority from the latest important TVA measure: a new method of financing the continuing work of the agency. In that time, a new generation has grown up without knowing what it was like in the days before TVA. And an older generation has had time to forget.

This is a fitting time, then, for a new look at the reality of a dream, at an experiment that has become a $2 billion going concern. How does it justify its costs to its owners, the people of the United States? What has it done for the people of the Tennessee Valley? Is it "creeping socialism," as some have claimed, or is it "democracy on the march," as others describe it? Does the Valley use the agency as a lure to uproot industry elsewhere? Does TVA steal pennies from the pockets of taxpayers elsewhere to subsidize cheap power? Does it build steam plants as an excuse for continuing its work, now that the task of developing a river is all but complete?

See editorial, "The Success We Don't Repeat," page 41.

These are some of the questions raised by a continuing barrage of criticism against TVA. For the answers, it is necessary first to go back, briefly, beyond the TVA era to some far-sighted statesmen such as Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and Senator George Norris. These were men who pondered long about ways of conserving and developing the nation's resources. From their thinking, and that of others, emerged the concept of total development of river valleys. In the depression years, a small band of men in Congress began a long fight for such an experiment in the Tennessee Valley.

FROM almost any standpoint, the choice was an excellent one. The South as a whole was underdeveloped, and it was labeled by some as the nation's No. 1 economic problem; and in the South, no region presented a greater problem than did that valley washed by the deceptively passive Tennessee River. For each spring, this sleeping tiger awoke and became a roaring, rampaging flood. Residents fled in terror to the high ground as the water swept away crops, homes and land. Millions upon millions of tons of topsoil vanished in hours. Businesses were wiped out, and with them sources of taxation.

The region depended upon a one-crop economy. "Balance" in agriculture was a phrase of the professors. There was little industry and much poverty. Malaria, tuberculosis and malnutrition left their marks upon the people and the burial places.

But the sickness that sapped the region most was one for which no doctor could prescribe. It was the sickness of fear. There was fear of the river, fear of the land that produced less and less. There was fear of the future. And in the beginning there was fear of TVA.

But the building of dams meant jobs and a flow of money. As the mighty dams took shape, hope rose. There was a new look about the land. Ears began to listen to what the experts of the fledgling TVA had to say. Eyes began to see help, as in mosquito control. There were specialists looking at the land, testing it and finding the need for fertilizers of a particular type. Since the type wasn't being produced, TVA began to make it.

Quickly, the Valley learned something about the TVA: It would help, but there had to be cooperation. Soon the Valley farmers, guided by their extension services and county agents, began to apply lime and phosphates to jaded land in the first of many, many thousands of farm-test demonstrations. They began to learn about soil needs, about contour plowing, about the importance of trees as windbreaks and erosion curbs. In a few seasons, the barren, soil-scalped hillsides were green, the valleys below them lush.

As research and production details were worked out and TVA-born fertilizers developed fully, the agency turned over its data and its processes to private industry—free of charge. In addition, industry got another gift—a ready-made market. Since research, introduction and promotion of any new fertilizer is costly, the industry moved slowly. But here TVA was doing the whole job with

LLOYD ARMOUR is on the staff of The Nashville Tennessean.

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its research, demonstration plots, fertilizer schools and educational programs for the farmer.

Today, the farmer in Wyoming or New York, as well as in Tennessee, benefits by the TVA fertilizer program (which is paid for by appropriations from Congress). Minnesota farmers saved almost $750,000 from 1949 to 1954 by using TVA-developed and promoted "4-16-16" and "5-20-20" fertilizers.

It may be noted here that a chemical paradox—the fact that nitrogen is both a life-giving plant food and an ingredient of powerful explosives—makes it possible to turn the TVA fertilizer development center from peacetime to wartime use in a day.

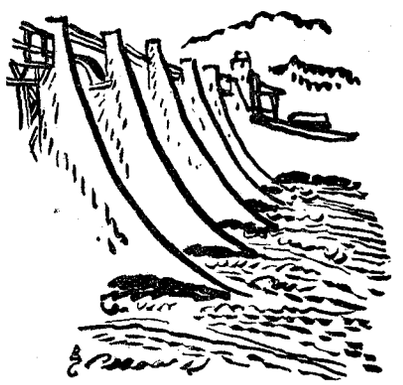
As TVA was helping to promote a new and more productive farm economy, it was also having an effect on commerce and navigation. The series of high dams which canalize the Tennessee created a long, deep waterway over which freight traffic moved in increasing tonnage. Tows hauled automobiles from the industrial North to the Alabama plains, saving more than $10 a car. Ferro-alloys moved from Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to Pittsburgh $5 a ton cheaper.

What does this mean to shippers? On 12.1 million tons of traffic in 1958, they saved more than $24 million. Deducting the annual cost of the waterway—$4.2 million—there was a net transportation benefit of $19.8 million. This is a 14.5 per cent return on the $136 million net investment in a navigation system which contributes to inter-regional commerce and strengthens the whole nation.

It is axiomatic that navigation development and industrial growth go hand in hand. Since 1933, private industry has invested nearly a billion dollars in more than 130 terminals and plants along the river. All in all, more than 3,000 new industries have come to the TVA region.

This growth has prompted many critics of the agency to raise cries of "industry piracy" on the part of the Valley. But the vast majority of new plants represent branches and subsidiary operations of industry which still have their headquarters elsewhere. In a recent survey by TVA, it was found that during a nineteen-year period only twenty-five plants pulled up roots elsewhere and relocated in the TVA area. During this time, nine much larger plants left the region. The twenty-five incoming plants represented 3,800 jobs; the nine outgoing, 2,000: net gain for the Valley, 1,800 jobs.

The truth is that while industrialization in the Valley has been rapid, it has lagged behind the nation as a whole, and the cry of "industrial piracy" is absurd.



ORIGINALLY, cheap electric power was considered among the less important objectives of TVA. It was viewed merely as a by-product of river control that would allow for increased rural electrification and encourage a moderate expansion of industry. But with the coming of World War II, the picture changed. A "secret" installation known as Oak Ridge needed power in enormous quantities. Opportunities for increasing hydro-power were limited: new dams might justify their costs in power terms, but not, at the time, in other ways. Besides, a huge dam is not an overnight project. In 1940, TVA turned to a much quicker method of adding to generating capacity: the steam plant. First to be built was the Watts Bar plant, with a capacity of 240,000 kw.

After World War II, and with the beginning of the Korean conflict, it became increasingly clear that more sources of quick power were needed. Not only were farms, homes and factories demanding more current, but entirely new energy-devouring installations were entering the area: atomic-energy plants, the Arnold Engineering Development Center and the Redstone Arsenal, where the Army was building missiles.

By fiscal 1958, the atomic-energy plants and other federal defense agencies in the area were using 51 per cent of all TVA power—more than 29 billion kwh. This is more power than was sold last year in any of the states outside the Valley except four.

SO TVA became a defense weapon. But it had an extra meaning for taxpayers in that it provided very large savings on the government's electric bill. Perhaps this will show how much:

From 1953 to 1958, TVA delivered 129.8 billion kwh. of power to Oak Ridge and Paducah, Kentucky, atomic facilities. This cost the government $590 million. If there had been a one-mill per kilowatt-hour increase in this cost, the bill would have been $130 million more—about the cost of the U.S. share of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Now compare the average cost of producing and marketing electric power by TVA with that of privately-owned utilities. Last year, the operating cost for TVA was 5.21 mills per kilowatt-hour; the corresponding cost of privately-owned utilities was about 10.09 mills. At that rate, the government's $590 million electric bill would have been almost doubled.

But, say the private utilities, TVA doesn't pay taxes. It's a subsidized operation. True, TVA doesn't pay taxes in name, but it makes payments to state and local governments in lieu of taxes. In 1958, these payments (from TVA and its distributors) totaled $13,751,000. Excluding federal agencies, about 6.3 per cent of the electric bill of all TVA consumers was paid to state and local governments. Corresponding taxes of private utilities in neighboring areas ranged from 5.1 per cent to 11.8 per cent.

In addition, the law requires TVA to repay to the Treasury, from its power revenues, the entire investment in each power facility within forty years. To date, payments of $250 million put the agency well ahead of schedule. The payments exceed the entire federal investment

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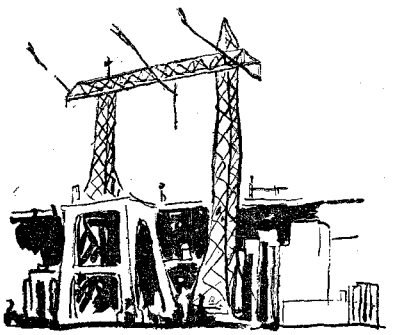
in the first thirteen dams TVA built.

There are other money savings involved. Millions of electricity users in other parts of the nation are paying lower electric bills because of TVA's rate policies—the so-called "yardstick" of power. Electric rates, according to Federal Power Commission data, are lowest in the TVA and Bonneville areas, and grow progressively higher as the distance from these public-power facilities increases. Before TVA, rates in a semicircle through parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Michigan and New York were $10.08 for each 250 kwh. In 1958, rates for the same area averaged $7.10.

The power companies nearest the Tennessee Valley have made the greatest reductions in retail rates. Nevertheless, their earnings have increased at a rate substantially greater than the average of all the large utilities in the nation. From 1937 to 1957, according to published Federal Power Commission figures, earnings available to the common stockholders of the larger privately-owned utilities multiplied three and one-quarter times; similar earnings of companies bordering the TVA increased eight times.



SO MUCH for power. To many people, a more important objective of TVA is flood control. The Valley is now protected by ten major multiple-purpose dams providing six million acre-feet of storage for flood waters.

Were there no TVA dams, a flood stage of 57.9 feet in the Tennessee River today would cause $100 million in damage to low-lying Chattanooga. The total estimated annual average value of flood regulation by the reservoir system is $11 million. Over twenty-six years, this annual sum more than equals the annual cost and total investment combined of the system's flood-control facilities.

TVA's extensive experience in mapping, advising and aiding in engineering studies of flood control is being put to work in many sections of the country. One of the agency's special interests now is the tributary watershed program—away from the rivers, back among the creeks and branches where flooding is also destructive, though less so than on the rivers. This program seeks to establish ways by which, under state leadership, communities can organize themselves, study their problems and apply solutions through their own agencies and their own resources.

Critics charge that the citizens of the Valley are the helpless victims of an autocratic project. How well have these "helpless victims" done with the help of the TVA? In 1933, only 3.4 per cent of the total federal income-tax collections came from the seven states of the TVA region. By 1958, the percentage had more than doubled. From 1933-56, total collections amounted to $21,900,000,000. If we assume a rate of gain based on the 1933 percentage, TVA has meant an extra $10 billion in federal tax revenues—almost five times the entire cost of the project.

At the same time, the Valley has become a vast market for goods produced outside. From 1934 to 1958, TVA alone purchased $1.1 billion worth of outside goods. Users of TVA power spent $1.8 billion for electrical appliances. Still another billion has been spent on automobiles, boats, motors and other products.

THESE FIGURES should not lead anyone to envision the Valley as more prosperous than any other section of the nation. It is far from that. It lags the national averages in almost all economic measurements. Twenty-five years ago the per capita income was only 45 per cent of the national average; despite a sizable gain, it is only 63 per cent today.

There is a great deal yet unaccomplished. The balance between agriculture and industry is short on the industry side. Too great a portion of the region's youth leaves each year because there are not enough jobs. Farms are too small and too many. An estimated 2.7 million acres need to be reforested.

The demand for electricity is growing at a rate of 800,000 kilowatts a year. People are just naturally using more power—the air conditioner, for example, is a big sales item where it once was a rarity. Business expansions, new industry, demand more—and the Valley must have these if it is to continue to progress.

So TVA must have new funds merely to keep abreast of demand. That is why its supporters have fought for a self-financing measure (a method, incidentally, first suggested by the Eisenhower Administration). TVA will be lucky if the $750 million made available by the latest TVA legislation can adequately provide for needed facilities in the Valley. The pattern of progress has been set, and there can be no slackening off without harm to the region.

The great irony of TVA is that its value is given more recognition abroad than in the United States. It is the one great American project that draws a steady stream of potentates, students, engineers and politicians from every corner of the globe. It is the one great idea we have exported with success. Eight foreign countries now have big projects based on TVA—countries ranging from India to tiny Lebanon.

Efforts have been made to establish TVA-type authorities in the valleys of other American rivers: the Missouri, Rio Grande, Colorado. A new Columbia Valley Authority bill —the Neuberger bill — is before Congress. None of these efforts has thus far succeeded.

The TVA was an experiment at a time of national economic distress when the public was receptive to daring innovations. The electric utility interests, natural enemies of such an enterprise, were themselves in trouble. These interests, reviving, have since fought the spread of the TVA idea with a rising fear. While keeping TVA under carping attack, they have sown widely and nurtured well a confusion that restrains the people of other sections from emulating a valley program that is, nevertheless, the outstanding example of a people's ability to make the most of a natural environment.

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WHAT MR. WALTER LIKES: A DIALOGUE . . *by Wade Thompson*

AS ANY wise man knows, that strange and outrageous breed of people whom we denominate generally as artists are persistently unhappy with the way things are going, and quick to flay their fellow man with their poems or paintings or musical compositions. It is almost a sure bet that where you find a great artist, you will find a dissatisfied man. As Plato said, and as every later champion of respectability must find out, these lean and hungry people are troublemakers. Provoke them, and you'll find yourself — like Dante's enemies — roasting in the eternal fires of their fury.

There has always been a war — not necessarily hot and raging, but at least a cold war with intervals of heat — between the artist and his natural enemy, the Philistine. The artist feels vexed because the Philistine persists in denying him simple access to his daily bread. The Philistine feels outraged because the artist persists in desecrating and kicking about his great god, Inanity.

The opposition of strengths is ludicrous. On one side are a few motley and fantastic individuals—undisciplined, cavorting and frolicking—without leadership, without uniforms, without ceremony, or drums or flags or bugles, without even a common cause, and identified only by an astonishing dexterity in the use of their weapons. On the other side is a gigantic army, covering the horizon rank on rank; fully be-generaled and be-ribboned, drilled, disciplined and determined — and marching to battle to the tune of "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

The actual combat is a spectacle to inspire real pity for the Philistine. Weighted down by inarticulateness and insensitivity, he can only lunge clumsily at his agile tormenter — hot tears rolling down his cheeks as he blubbers over and over that he knows what he likes and so does his business competitor and so do his wife and the ladies of the church bazaar. A grotesque buffoon is he, who will be as indignant if you kick Inanity as he would be if you were to kick Norman Vincent Peale.

WADE THOMPSON teaches literature at Brown University. His "My Crusade Against Football" appeared recently in The Nation.

I confess that I get a certain malicious kick out of watching an open conflict between the parties I just described. An opportunity came up last month when the House Un-American Activities Committee suddenly decided to get disturbed about the political morality of a number of American artists whose works are to be shown in a forthcoming exhibit in Moscow. Representative Francis E. Walter, Chairman of the committee, announced that Americans will not "stomach this nonsense," and promised to spit on his hands and churn up a full-scale investigation on just who the hell these artists thought they were and what the hell they thought they had a right to paint. A tremendous battle loomed, and I hied myself to Washington and Congressman Walter's office.

Congressman Walter of Pennsylvania is a man of affable demeanor but of something less than Sophoclean sagacity. I warned him, when I introduced myself, that he and I might — if we pried into this matter at any length — find ourselves in fundamental disagreement, but that I had no intention of misrepresenting him in this article. I can assure the reader that I could not conceivably exaggerate the murkiness, the impenetrability, of the black fogs in which the following conversation took place. (I am Q., Walter is A.):

Q. Do you believe that the political convictions of an artist necessarily affect the quality of his work?
A. No, no, it doesn't make any difference what an artist's politics are.
Q. But you are objecting to the forthcoming American exhibit in Moscow, solely because of the politics—or alleged politics—of the artists.
A. Well, but, these Commies are using their art to further an international conspiracy.
Q. Then it *does* make a difference how an artist thinks politically.
A. Well, I think that even if a card-carrying Communist were to paint a nice pleasant pastoral, that would be perfectly all right.
Q. You wouldn't object to something like that being shown in Moscow as an example of American art?
A. No.
Q. But if the same man satirizes an American general, then you object.
A. Well, he's heaping ridicule on an American general. He's trying to say that a general is a member of the autocracy.
Q. Does that mean that you don't like anyone who satirizes American generals?
A. No, no. That's all right, but I'm pretty proud of what we've got here and I don't like to see it ridiculed.
Q. Then you *do* object to satire?
A. No, no. But this fellow is using satire to further the Communist conspiracy.
Q. Oh. Then satire is all right so long as it isn't used by a Commie.
A. Mmmmmm.
Q. How many American Communists are there?
A. 27,000.
Q. How effective is the House Un-American Activities Committee in combatting this army?
A. Well, I have it on the authority of Mr. ——— (I swear, I was asked to keep his name confidential!) that if it weren't for the House committee, there would be Commie fronts springing up all over the place.
Q. Well, do the investigations do any good in changing the personal convictions of the artists, or the people being investigated?
A. No.
Q. Are you aware that many of the world's greatest artists—throughout history—have been radical dissenters?
A. Oh, yes, but you see the original intention of this exhibit was to present works that would give the Russians an idea of what life is like in America. Now, for one thing, the works were supposed to be chosen from a period of over seventy years, and I thought there were going to be some pleasant Whistlers and things like that, but for some reason the committee didn't choose anything that was painted before 1918.
Q. Mr. Walter, do you know anything about art?
A. No.
Q. Do you know what you like?
A. Yes.
Q. What do you like?
A. Well, I like good realistic pictures. Now what I would like to know is how is anybody going to get any idea of what American art is like by seeing just a white strip with a gold block pasted at one end of it?

Congressman Walter is a busy man and I was beginning to feel too weak to carry on, so we ended our interview by mutual agreement.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Mesmerized by McCarthy

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY. By Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 280 pp. $3.95.

George Dangerfield

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY seems to have been composed by two writers. On the one hand, there is a trained journalist—let us call him Rovere (A)—who recites, with telling irony and suitable disgust, the story of a fraudulent political scoundrel named Joseph R. McCarthy. On the other hand, there is a less straightforward person, Rovere (B), who appears to be seized with admiration for the man whom he excoriates. How the second writer got into the act is, to my mind, by far the most depressing question raised by this melancholy book: depressing because it seems to be unanswerable.

Although the two writers alternate throughout the book, so that you can never be sure which one of the two is going to confront you from page to page, Rovere (B) is mostly in evidence at the beginning and at the end of it. (A), on the whole, reports; (B), on the whole, appraises.

Here, taken from the opening pages, is a fair example of the work of the second Rovere.

> The late Joseph R. McCarthy, a United States Senator from Wisconsin, was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores. No bolder seditionist ever moved among us—nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind. . . . By the spring of [1950], he was a towering figure, and from then on, no man was closer than he to the center of American consciousness or more central to the world's consciousness of America. He filled, almost to the letter, the classic role of the corsair of democracy, described twenty-four hundred years ago by Aristophanes. . . .

"Most gifted demagogue," "surer, swifter," "towering," "classic"—how mournfully inappropriate these terms are, if you try to place them in any kind of historical perspective. Once upon a time, to be sure, McCarthy seemed to justify them, but that time has long since gone. Once upon a time the mistake was made, by those who detested no less than by those who admired McCarthy, of projecting upon him a variety of emotions to which he was totally inadequate. Everybody was tempted to assume that he was, in one way or another, for evil or for good, a substantial figure. Rovere (B) still suffers from this unaccountable misapprehension.

He says, toward the end of his study: "'There are heroes of evil as well as of good,' La Rochefoucauld wrote, and McCarthy was surely a hero—*the only one, I should think, since Franklin D. Roosevelt.*" And again: "'Here,' [Nietzsche] wrote, 'is a hero who did nothing but shake the tree when the fruit was ripe. Do you think that was a small thing to do? Well, just look at the tree he shook.' It was quite a tree, *and it took quite a man to shake it as he* [McCarthy] *did.*" The italics, in both instances, are mine.

ONE can only register a violent dissent to this sort of thing. I have no idea what is meant by a hero of evil, unless it be some great standard figure like Milton's Satan. Satan was brave, intelligent and, in his puritanical way, an outsize gentleman: moreover he performed the essential role of helping man to get along with the business of falling from grace. Clearly McCarthy was nothing of this sort. If "hero" is to be used as a criterion, then McCarthy was an anti-hero like Thersites. As for being "quite a man"—a truly appalling term—I can only say that, using merely the insights of Rovere (A), one can readily see that he was hardly a man at all.

"In what remained of the Truman years, McCarthy was nothing but an engine of denunciation. Still without power except as a junior Senator from Wisconsin, he denounced and accused and blamed and insulted and vilified and demeaned." *An engine of denunciation.* Here, as in so many other places throughout his book, Rovere is right. And he is right, surely, when he says that McCarthy "lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission. . . . If [a man] has no convictions, he can scarcely draw courage from them." A denouncer without convictions—here, I think, we are beginning to get a little closer to the historical McCarthy.

It is, unfortunately, as close as Rovere ever gets. His error, and I believe it to be a gigantic one, is to persist in seeing McCarthy as a great demagogue. He had some demagogic traits, but compared to a real American demagogue—a Huey Long, for example—he was a pitiful amateur. Even the most mischievous demagogue retains, somewhere in his soul, a small and weird belief in the rightness of his cause. From the evidence supplied in this book, if one goes no farther than that, McCarthy was not the believing type: he had no belief in "Communism" or "treason" or "truth"; moreover, he lacked the demagogue's occasional feeling of spiritual communion with his followers. McCarthy had a large following among the haters and all along the lunatic fringe, but he really didn't believe in that either. He came as close as any human being can to believing in nothing at all.

SO THAT to call him a "corsair of democracy," and liken him to Aristophanes' sausage seller — to Cleon of Athens—is to use the wrong historical analogue. Rovere's admirable physical descriptions of McCarthy suggest the right one: McCarthy with his shaking head, his big skull, his shambling walk, his brief case full of phony documents, his pockets bulging with blank subpoenas. Is not this the picture of the latest example in an age-old succession of infamous delators? Whom is he going to accuse next? In that question, and in that question only, lay the secret of his influence. And the correct analogue for McCarthy would be the Reverend Titus Oates, who bestowed upon himself a spurious Doctorate of Divinity from Salamanca, and sent a number of innocent persons to the gallows in the days of Charles II by accusing them—on false evidence or no evidence at all—of being concerned in some totally nonexistent Catholic plot to murder the King. Oates was an arch-informer, and so was McCarthy.

In the world of the informer, stature is in inverse proportion to status: an informer is low, an arch-informer is even lower. An arch-informer never bothers to turn up anything, he invents as he goes along: and, like Oates and McCarthy, he depends upon the fear and cruel-

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ty which are latent in mankind to give his lies form and substance. His life is in denunciation and he cannot stop denouncing. Fear and cruelty are windy diets; the more a man feeds upon them, the more swollen he becomes. Thus Oates helped to send the transparently innocent Lord Stafford to his death and accused the Queen of plotting her husband's murder; and McCarthy changed "twenty years of treason"—which professional Republicans took with awful equanimity—into "twenty-one years of treason," which even the lowest politician found one year too many. At some point in such a process, someone in public office is bound to discover that he is not afraid of such a preposterous bladder of lies as the arch-informer; and as soon as this discovery is publicly made, the bladder shrivels away. McCarthy was condemned by the Senate; his power to evoke and then to feed upon fear was gone; and he simply died. You might say, of starvation.

The question remains: How, in a relatively humane society such as ours, did such an exploiter of fear and of cruelty survive even for five years? To ascribe this survival to McCarthy's skill in obscuring facts or baffling inconvenient inquiries or raising false issues seems to me begging the question. Obviously, the answer must lie in some mysterious failure of society itself. But Rovere's book will not help to solve this mystery, because the mystery exists unsolved in the heart of Rovere's book —in that unaccountable admiration which allows him to describe a brash, implausible, conscienceless scoundrel as "quite a man."

The Ethics of Sociology

THE SOCIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press. 234 pp. $6.

W. J. H. Sprott

WHAT ought sociologists to do, and what is their function in society? To these questions Professor Mills addresses himself. His answers are not merely of parochial interest to the sociologist; they are of general significance because of the political role to which, in his view, sociologists should aspire. They are to be the "carriers of reason in human affairs." "What we (as social scientists) represent—although this is not always apparent—is man become aware of mankind." In the early days the grand old men of sociology, lonely celebrated figures, tackled their subject in a big way. They had big imaginative ideas —but nowadays even ideas, let alone "big" ones, are hard to find.

Something has gone wrong. As societies become more self-conscious and precipitate the ideologies of liberalism and socialism in the process, reformist movements get going. Social problems are detected and research is directed toward their examination and solution. All to the good, no doubt, but Professor Mills notes that these piecemeal inquiries into "problems" distracted the sociologist from an examination of the social structure in which they arose. Admirable as they were—and are—these investigations have also led to a preoccupation with method and an accompanying lack of concern about the significance of the topics on which increasingly elaborate methodological devices are brought to bear. Professor Mills launches a devastating attack on what he calls "abstracted empiricists." He accuses them not only of "pretentious triviality" but—worse—of becoming the servants of bureaucratic institutions that can afford to pay for their "projects."

As a reaction, maybe, to the trivialities of much meticulous fact-gathering, we have "grand theory," an attempt to develop an interpretative framework, derived from the very nature of human interaction, which will be applicable to all societies. Unhappily this involves the omission of such empirical data as economics and political systems which are, after all, important structural features of any actual society. Talcott Parsons, the natural target for Professor Mills's attack in this direction, is easy meat. Quote a single sentence and he is sunk. In my view Professor Mills is a little unfair. He translates Parsons' unreadable attempt to derive order from the exigencies of social interaction and that is all he deals with. There is, after all, an attempt to show that if the major role-emphasis in a society is of a certain nature, then other roles will tend to be fixed in a certain way. There is surely a hope of something emerging here, some mouse of analytic value out of the mountain of conceptual apparatus, but that we shall not know until the apparatus has been applied to empirical material on a larger scale than has been done up to date.

There is, however, another charge against the theorist—a charge which corresponds to the one launched against the "abstracted" empiricists. The stress on order may serve as an ideological justification of authority. It is here that we come to Professor Mills's most important contention: the moral involvement of the social scientist. Since he is dealing with the affairs of men, his action and his inaction have moral implications. He is never *wert-frei*. By the very choice of his research projects he is either a critic or a half-conscious supporter of the regime in which he works or else he displays a culpable indifference to it which is tantamount to support. This is the real burden of Professor Mills's manifesto. The social scientist must face up to his duties.

HIS duties? They are implied by the very values, handed down from the Age of Enlightenment, which are inherent in his discipline. Sociology was born out of the belief that man, as a rational animal, should be free to manage his affairs. But rationality has gone bad on us. The bureaucratic rationalization of our institutions has deprived us of a rational understanding of our plight. Yes, it is coming—we are "alienated" men, on the way to becoming "happy robots." This is a familiar theme, but it has its difficulties of which Professor Mills is well aware. He, unlike so many of our Cassandras, appreciates the point that those who cry out about the "crisis of our times" are more concerned with "what is to men's interests" than with "what men are interested in." They are, in fact, infuriated by apathy. Men ought, they say, to be in a position to make rational choices; the social order is such that they can't. This is all wrong—but what if they like it that way? There is, as Professor Mills admits, a concealed hypothesis about human nature in all these criticisms of our Western society. Nevertheless, he would appear to argue that even if people choose what he would call "alienation"—a pejorative word—they must be clear about what they are choosing.

He clearly thinks that the choice will go the other way and this is where the sociologist as "carrier of reason" comes in. It is his job to address the public on the facts of power, to show them what sort of person our bureaucratic society produces—to relate personal problems to structural context—and to

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put Western man in a position of choice. He holds out no high hopes but he gives the social scientist something worth doing. I share Professor Mills's views about the subject matter of sociology, but I am always rendered uncomfortable by any view which implies that people ought to be more miserable than they are "in their own interests."

We are moving, Professor Mills suggests, from the "Modern Age" to a new era: "The Fourth Epoch." What is the argument against the view that he—and I, because I am uncomfortably on his side in all this—are out of date, proclaiming values which are not appropriate to the new era? What evidence is relevant? It is difficult to see the answer to such dangerous questions, but they are inevitably raised by Professor Mills's vigorous and admirable proclamation. Anyway he will, let us hope, start a debate on the functions of the sociologist and his denunciation will certainly prompt a good deal of heart-searching.

Rites of Violence

THE COOL WORLD. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown & Company. 241 pp. $3.75.

Dan Wakefield

YOU ARE about to hear the voice of an adolescent boy who has just returned from the neighborhood police station; the voice does not come from Algeria, Siberia, or Johannesburg. It comes from Harlem, Manhattan, U.S.A.:

> When Little Man got home from the precinct he tell us "Them headbreakers. Motheren headbreakers—3 of em beatin up on me hittin me on the head all the time with their goddam fists. You give us too much trouble you little black bastard. Wham. Sock. Wham. One in front of me. Put up my hands to protect myself. Wham they hit me from the back. Bend ovuh they hit me from the side. 3 of em. Teach you a little lesson black boy. Murderer. This here detective sits there. He don't hit me. He just keep wipin his shoes on my suit. Make me so mad I wanta kill him." Little Man slam his fist into the wall. He don't even feel it.

This is part of life in the "Cool World" of Harlem's street gangs of teenage boys and girls. It is a life that is foreign to most of the people who live in the same borough with it (although quite familiar to the kids in similar gangs of all ethnic groups and backgrounds all over the city). It is usually depicted in statistical studies, in sociological jargon, in front-page reports of violence that extract a few explosive moments from the seething existence that produced them. The quotation above is from the first piece of writing I know of that manages to capture the complex reality, the ugly essence, of this world of American boys and girls who are "children" only in age.

THE achievement of Warren Miller in writing *The Cool World* is especially remarkable because he lived only briefly on the edges of that world and is not, like its inhabitants, a Negro. But he has managed to tell his story from the inside—from the heart and in the words of 14-year-old "Duke" Custis, who leads his gang through its empty rituals to the meaningless violence and death of the inevitable rumble. Mr. Miller sustains this first-person account with a brilliant use of the language of the kids of these streets—a language often mauled by outsiders who insert its key words in their own sentences and think they are thereby using the language. Mr. Miller has caught not only the words, but the rhythm:

> They call him priest because he always wear black. Black suits with thin tight pants. One day some body see him an they say "Man you always in black. Like a priest. You the hep priest man." So that how come he is call priest.

But Mr. Miller conveys more than the subtleties of language. He catches the painful lack of communication between the kids in the gang and their elders—like "Gramma" Custis, who escaped the South to "come up here for the opportunities" and does not understand this new variety of nightmare that brings her grandson home bleeding from the streets.

Perhaps most important of all, Mr. Miller has a true sense of the relationship of these "cool" kids to the outside world of order, rules, lessons and prefabricated answers. He illuminates it powerfully in describing a trip in which Duke's teacher takes the class on a tour of the Wall Street district. The teacher is a dedicated, hard-working man, but he is going by the rules of a world that is as foreign to these kids as the No plays of Japan; he is telling them where George Washington once stood and they are talking among themselves of the relative values of a Biretta and a Colt for use in gang fighting. Duke, in describing the tour, says:

> . . .we went up to the stock exchange an looked at the exhibits about the City of the Future. These rocket ships kept flyin back an forth over it. They were on wires you could see the wires. An the City of the Future it was jus a big housing projeck.

Yes man, yes. All through the book I felt the impulse to keep saying "Yes—this is what it's all about"—until I came to the final chapter, which tacks on a "hopeful" ending, with Duke in a rehabilitation center and absorbed in the art of gardening. No—but that's all right. The power of the story he tells up till then is too great to let you rest on that pastoral, peaceful scene—it carries you back in your own mind to the streets where Duke will have to return.

DAN WAKEFIELD, a staff contributor, is the author of Island in the City, *the story of a New York Puerto Rican community, recently published by Houghton Mifflin.*

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The Artist

(From the Russian of Boris Pasternak)

I like the stubborn temper
Of the artist who is strong:
He stops making phrases and withdraws
And is ashamed of his songs.

But that face is known to all.
He cannot play hide and seek.
He cannot live in a cellar
Or bridle the nags of the years.

Who can bury his destiny?
Though dim at first, his fame
Made him while still alive
A monument, a laureled name.

But who is he? In what roped ring
Has he won his tardy truths?
With whom has he grappled, groaned?
With himself, alas, himself alone.

Like a steaming Gulf Stream town,
He was shaped by currents and sun.
And time has driven into his bay
The roots and toads of tiding day.

He thirsted for free choice, peace,
And the years passed by in their steady troop
Like clouds across his workshop window,
Where his bench, like a hunchback, stoops.

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

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LETTER from CHICAGO

Jean Martin

THE ATOMIC scientists, a notably cautious group, have been for some time pondering the relationship between art and science, apparently since as long ago as 1954 if a special issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* is any indication. At that time there was an exhibition at the University of Chicago in which the "works of art" had all been produced in the laboratory in the course of normal scientific research. The exhibit ". . . made artists aware of the visual and conceptual beauty of the scientist's world, and made scientists aware of the degree to which aesthetic enjoyment entered into their own activity."

This year the *Bulletin* elaborated further on this theme with a special Art and Science Issue which, wonder of wonders, turned the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (which ordinarily functions as a conscience mouthpiece) into an object of popular interest and gave the little office at 5750 Ellis Avenue its first sold-out issue. In an introduction to the Art and Science Issue its editors pointed out that ". . . the moment of creative conception seems to involve mental or psychological processes that are nearly identical in the two fields, however different may be their elaboration. In many contacts with humanist and scientific friends we have noticed only one consistent difference of professional attitudes — the scientists are jealous of their ideas; the humanists do not seem to mind if someone appropriates their ideas but are outraged by plagiarism of form."

An even more basic difference, however, might be that "The scientist . . . is limited to working at any one time with few and simple aspects of the world. Both experimentally and conceptually he attempts to exclude complications, which means that, for the moment, he ignores other interrelationships and lets the whole assembly look after itself. The artist, conversely, is concerned principally with complex relationships. . . . [He] exploits the wonderful capacity of the human mind to comprehend wholes without seeing the parts and to balance innumerable unspecified factors into a harmonious aggregate. (This he does by abstraction, for human beings shrink from really comprehensive systems. Man is always regretfully looking back to a paradise when things were simpler.)" Along those same wistful, paradise-seeking lines the issue also includes a quote from that old name-dropper, Albert Einstein: "I agree with Schopenhauer that one of the most powerful motives that attracts people to science and art is the longing to escape from everyday life."

A RECENT such deflection—from the everyday life of the New York Stock Exchange to Chicago's art world — has been that of Richard L. Feigen, a twenty-eight-year-old *wunderkind* of money-making who put a kind of double reverse on the Horatio Alger bit by turning his back on a talent for making money (he sold out his self-earned Stock Exchange seat) to open a tiny gallery on elm-shaded Astor Street whose residential zoning sanctioned advertising to the maximum extent of an engraved calling card in the mailbox. While many a crochety old member of the Athletic Club has probably asked himself what might have happened had *he* quit the market to have a try at what he liked to do best, Feigen, envisioning his Chicago gallery as a stopping-off place for collectors (as Zurich is for some in Europe), put himself carefully on record as being able to obtain anything a collector wanted ("I mean where else could you sit here like this and see three Tanguy oils, approximately one per cent of the man's life work?" he tells you) and turned in a total sales for the year of $250,000. Thus he made the best of both possible worlds.

On the other hand, a minuscule movement to get art out into the everyday world has been evident of late in a school of thought which holds that an art exhibit is nothing, but nothing, unless it manages to convey A Message above and beyond its merely aesthetic one. While in the old days (the *good* old days, if one may editorialize) it was considered sufficient to gather a group of paintings from a single art movement ("Expressionism") or time ("Nineteenth Century") or even just a plain One Man Show, nowadays we get things like "The American Artist Paints the City," "The Artist Looks at People," "The Artist Paints the Figure," "Social Observation and Comment in Art," etc.

Since Chicago is a city which takes fondly to all small, single, personal, not to say downright private forms of art, it has had more than its fair share of

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IMAGE OF AMERICA

by R. L. BRUCKBERGER

Foreword by Peter F. Drucker

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these little "theme" exhibits. Even the usually uncolloquial Art Institute (though its print department held stoutly to its traditional esoteric shows: "The Housebook Master and his Contemporaries," "The Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet and *his* Contemporaries") earlier this year lent its main wing to the rather coy "The Artist Looks at People." This was a show in which any object of any period by any artist of whatever merit which happened to depict a human face could presumably qualify for inclusion and occasionally did. The resulting assortment included some objects which quite obviously might not have made it up from the basement except as padding for a convenient theme, and the inescapable question arose in many minds as to which comes first in these shows, the chicken or (alas, as it frequently turns out) the egg. In the case of "The Artist Looks at People" it was only necessary to enter the last room (devoted to three conversation-piece portraits of local art patronesses) to discover what the show was all about. The museum seems to have been in the position of a hostess who felt obliged to throw a masked ball for the neighborhood when what she really wanted was a small, private tea party.

ANOTHER case in point came up recently with an exhibit put together as a benefit for The Ryder Community Fund. This one, shown for one night in the Hotel Sherman's Bal Tabarin Room, was titled, obviously by someone with a light touch in these matters, "Social Observation and Comment in Art." A note at the top of the program put the observer in a properly respectful mood with a gloomy quote from Thomas Mann: "A critical element is inherent in all Art. . . . The artist cannot disassociate himself from a certain opposition to . . . society." Except for wondering exactly what those last, loaded dots had left out, the observer was free to wander among a group of ninety-seven completely unrelated paintings by ten wildly assorted Chicago artists ranging in mood from Ivan ("That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do") Albright to *Playboy* magazine's Leroy Neiman. The paintings were hung uncosily, if not actually despondently, in a large circular room which resembled an armory decorated by Dorothy Draper. Since the majority of them had been done years before and under as various a set of circumstances as human existence will allow, what Social Observation and Comment was audible amounted to a slight clearing of the throat or at most a polite cough on the part of the painter. The program, however, took care of all that with yet another quote: "All is one, all is different. How many natures exist in Man? How many vocations? And by what chance does each man ordinarily choose what he has heard praised?" — presumably one of Pascal's more inscrutable *pensées*. All in all though, it was an ideal example of the way the "theme" exhibit manages with maximum difficulty to convey A Message whose primitive simplicity one has probably not encountered since the days of, "I am a Gingerbread Boy, I am, I am. I can run, I can, I can." It seems hardly worth the effort involved just to remake the rather labored point that, whatever the "theme" is, each artist invariably sees it uniquely and in his own individual manner.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THIS is to report briefly that, after a sticky start with *Romeo and Juliet*, The American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut has come up with an enjoyable new production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

I do not know what the scholars think of this farce—as a matter of fact, I don't care—but I found it a solid job of craftsmanship by Shakespeare in his most adept box-office manner. The story of how that fat slob, John Falstaff, knight (he is much more than that in the "Henrys") is made a fool of, thoroughly gulled as he is by the bourgeoisie of Windsor—this is one of Shakespeare's few "contemporary" plays—makes for fine sport.

The plot must have been old even in the sixteenth century, and has been used many, many times since. No matter. What vitalizes this play—like so much in Elizabethan literature—is the quality of the writing. Shakespeare's prose is almost as rich as his verse. Listen to Falstaff speak of his little accident:

> Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been swelled. . . .

The company in Connecticut this summer is astonishingly young—in quality as well as, for the most part, in years. This can be disturbing in Shakespeare's tragedies, much less so in such comedies as *The Merry Wives*. At first, I felt that there was too much huffing and puffing, too much straining for comedy, and that the lustiness was forced. This may have been due to the eagerness of a first performance. As the action progressed, the actors relaxed and the play took over.

Larry Gates, who is at his best when his face is masked with elaborate make up, gives his most satisfactory characterization since he played Christopher Sly in *The Taming of the Shrew* at The City Center. Gates's eyes beam zestfully through Falstaff's whiskers. His tongue darts in distinct yet somehow discreet anticipation of pleasure and is most serviceable in aid of good delivery. Morris Carnovsky, too often employed to convey dignity and high mindedness, is a wonderful low comedian. Here he

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plays the French physician, Caius, and as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* gets a chance to clown hilariously.

A special word is due Hiram Sherman whose diction in all the many roles he has undertaken at the "Festival" has been impeccable, not only for intelligibility but for clarity of thought. Few actors speak Shakespeare with such apparent effortlessness. More than that, the quietly humorous benevolence with which he invests whatever he plays is completely winning. The last time I saw this play—many years ago—Lyn Harding, an English actor of formidable physique and natural power, was cast as Ford—which is probably right—but Sherman, with very modest means, captures us in a more appealing way.

Of the women, Sada Thompson as Mistress Quickly contributes most through her ease and playful eyes. But details matter less than the production as a whole which, I repeat, is a success.

Folk Music Festival

Robert Shelton

Newport, Rhode Island

DURING the last decade American folk music has been flourishing in its latest and biggest revival. LP recordings have proliferated, guitar and banjo sales have boomed, listeners have been turning out in numbers to hear old and new singers. With that momentum behind it, "poor man's music" swept into this once-haughty watering place on July 11 and 12 for its most ambitious effort to date.

The first annual Newport Folk Festival brought together nearly seventy-five musicians and scholars from all over the country in three concerts, a workshop on instrumental techniques and a seminar. Despite the heavy fog and rain that successively harassed the outdoor programs, the attendance reached a total of between 12,000 and 14,000 for the weekend. The festival was not a complete artistic success and it raised questions about future directions that remain to be resolved; but it was a stalwart beginning for what promises to become one of the most invigorating projects on the summer music scene.

In a curious reversal of roles—jazz is the musical stepchild of Afro-American folk music—the folk gathering at Newport is the offspring of the six-year-old, prosperous but non-profit, Newport Jazz Festival. Despite a reported loss of several thousand dollars (the folk festival was prepared to lose $10,000), the group's president, Louis Lorillard, was "happily amazed" at the turn-out. Festival co-producer George Wein, with a Hurokian gleam in his eye, believes these folk events may grow to "fantastic proportions" when the international folk music and dance veins are tapped.

To attend the festival came an audience of much more serious purpose and attentiveness than the one at the jazz festival the weekend before. Predominantly youthful, it was mainly a Northeastern urban slice of the national audience. From Wellesley College in trim blazers, from Washington Square in faded blue jeans a year too old and a size too small, from the campus dens of Chicago and the coffee houses of the West Coast the listeners came in pilgrimage. Here they joined enthusiastic local residents, many of whom were present to hear that embodiment of a sophomore's dream, the Kingston Trio.

JUST what is folk music? In formal and informal discussions by scholars, performers and masters of ceremonies at the festival, the definitions emerged. It might be called the music that grows out of life, from work, play, worship, personal or collective joy or sorrow. It is a music transmitted orally that expresses the inner needs and external conflicts of a regional, occupational or social community. Folk music borrows freely from and invents many musical forms, shifting and growing in its "folk process," to reflect new aspirations and old traditions. It can be as old as an Elizabethan ballad or as new as "Hard Times in Poplarville Jail."

These definitions emerged in nearly sixteen hours of performance and discussion. The performers had been sagaciously assembled by Albert Grossman, co-producer of the festival. Mainly he relied on dependable "name" attractions, but he laced these with many little-known performers. Together they were a catalogue of current trends and styles in American folk music which, somewhat arbitrarily, might be grouped as follows:

Theatrical, trained singers (Odetta, Leon Bibb); ethnic traditional singers (Jean Ritchie, Jimmie Driftwood, and from Ireland, Pat Clancy and Tommy Makem); collector-singers and popularizers (Pete Seeger and Frank Warner); art-concert singer of international folk songs (Martha Schlamme); blues singers (Brownie McGhee, Memphis Slim, Sonny Terry and Barbara Dane); Bluegrass country music (Earl Scruggs, the Stanley Brothers and the New Lost City Ramblers); gospel and religious singers (the Rev. Alex Bradford and the Rev. Gary Davis); city folk singers and instrumentalists (Billy Faier, Frank Hamilton, Oscar Brand and the Kossoy Sisters); eclectics (Cynthia Gooding, Ed McCurdy, Bob Gibson and Joan Baez); popular and commercialized folk singers (the Kingston Trio). In a class by himself is a traditional singer with conservatory training, a collector and arranger of folk music — John Jacob Niles.

To put this *mélange* of currents and styles together was a challenge, and the festival rose to it. Thanks must go in part to the three masters of ceremony, Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand and Studs Terkel, Chicago radio announcer. These hosts effectively placed the performers in their cultural contexts and drew out what the music meant in the lives of the people who made it. Folk music is demonstrably one of the most potent forces for inter-group and inter-class understanding to be found in American cultural life today, and the festival could not fail to foster it.

But all was not completely harmonious on this first occasion. On Saturday night Odetta, possessor of a voice that is one of the richest, burnished-leather contraltos in or out of folk music, gave a commanding performance of a prison-escape song, "Another Man Done Gone." At the seminar the next morning, two panelists suggested that the festival next year invite Vera Hall, an Alabama cook from whom "Another Man Done Gone" was collected. But Langston Hughes, a member of the jazz festival board, remarked to me, "How do we know that Vera Hall could do as well here as she has recording in her own home?"

Here is the crux of the "great debate" at the festival — how do you transplant the "root" singers and put them on side by side with the large-voiced, polished and earnest professionals who are not indigenous folk singers but who have been drawn to the music? The question becomes more vexing in the light of the fact that two of the most influential figures in American folk music, Jean Ritchie and the Rev. Gary Davis, were unable to perform as effectively at Newport as they have in small concerts or on disks. By contrast, Odetta, Leon

ROBERT SHELTON is a member of the news staff of The New York Times *and reviews folk music concerts and records for that paper.*

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Bibb, Pete Seeger and many others were as much at home at the festival as the fish are in Narragansett Bay.

One old hand in the field has suggested that Freebody Park, a baseball field, is not exactly the place for certain singers. He thinks that part of the festival should break up into small song-swapping sessions in hotels and homes at Newport. Although that would be a reporter's nightmare, the suggestion is here enthusiastically repeated.

But another authority, a homey, small-scale, non-theatrical performer, was able to offer the solution in his own performance. Frank Warner, as Seeger was to do the following afternoon, converted the stadium into what seemed the intimacy of his living room as he sang and reminisced about the pleasures of encountering folk artistry in the hills and farms of America. Warner's triumph leads one to think that it is not merely the physical surroundings that need change, but that the performers must, as did the jazz men who went from smoky night clubs to Carnegie Hall, exert an external order on their performances to fit into their new environment.

UNLESS it wants to drift in a commercialized and theatrical direction, the folk festival must resolve these problems. One has confidence in Messrs. Wein and Grossman to seek the best advice on talent and programming. An advisory board similar to the jazz festival board would seem in order to assist with the special problems of folk music. The following could help keep the folklore and musical aims in focus: Moses Asch, recording executive; Fred Hellerman, guitarist-singer and arranger; D. K. Wilgus, folklore scholar from Kentucky; Frank Hamilton, performer and teacher; Stanley Edgar Hyman, folklorist and educator; Willis Laurence James, musicologist and authority on Negro folk music, and Bascom Lamar Lunsford, performer and leading light of a quarter-century-old folk festival in Asheville, N.C.

Regional festivals all over the country should be watched closely, as they would have much to offer Newport in experience and talent. So, too, would the gospel singing of Mahalia Jackson, who canceled her appearance at this year's jazz festival, reportedly to avoid confusing her singular art with jazz. Her place is at the folk festival.

The Newport Folk Festival is off to an excellent start. If it shows flexibility, digs deeply for new performers and nurtures the roots as well as the branches of folk song, it should grow in stature.

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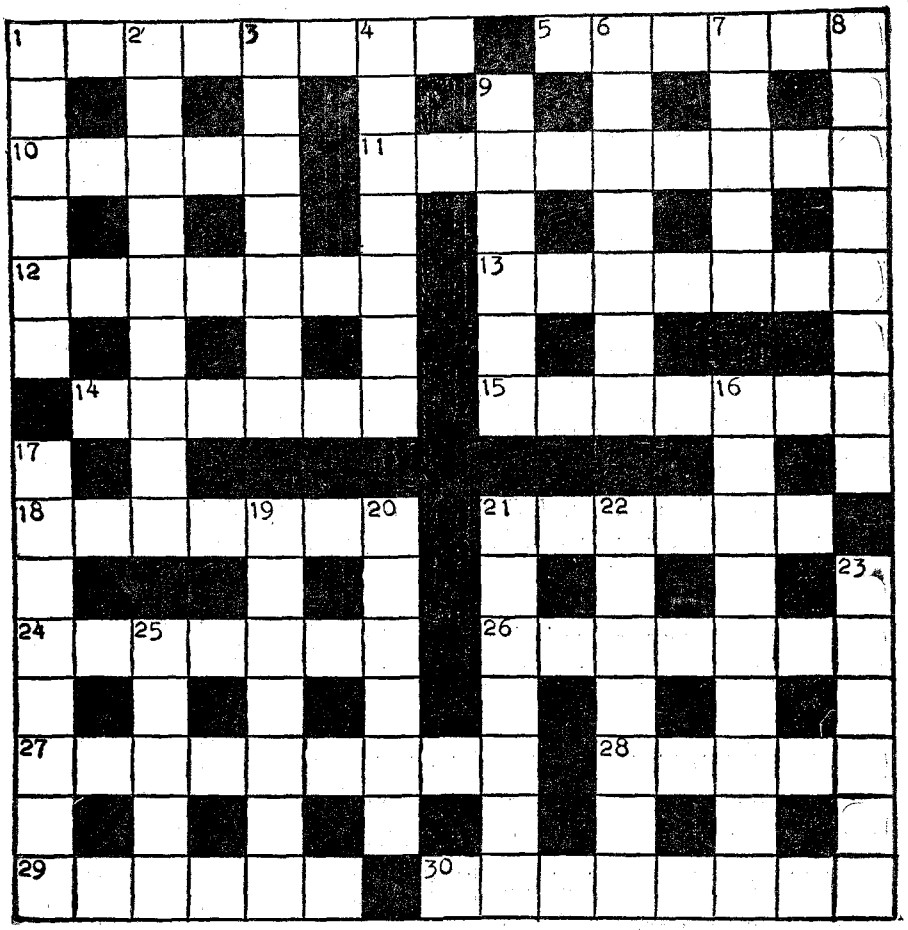
Crossword Puzzle No. 829

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It has the same composition as rhyolite. (8)
5 Does it imply a popping noise to speak equivocally? (6)
10 See 13 across
11 Getting something off the pad? (9)
12 The next best thing to striking—but not too much of it. (7)
13 and 10 Used the cerebellum completely and with some regard. (12)
14 Various water birds might be. (6)
15 Rearmed, but not fully awake. (7)
18 Found in a runner very frequently to lose control. (7)
21 One from heaven calls for announcement. (6)
24 One might find out the old king has the heart of 18? (7)
26 They might be wood for water. (7)
27 How an epee is used in good health? (2, 3, 4)
28 The morning everything comes back? (Possibly loaded and high!) (5)
29 Showy—somewhat like a fish? (6)
30 Tea-set in which one might find liqueur. (8)

DOWN:

1 Being clumsy is nothing to a sucker, perhaps! (6)
2 Saint Olav might have sought it. (9)
3 Life with Father? (7)
4 Declares the measure up, in time. 6 Encompass with a half-measure at hand. (7)
7 Support of a young flyer who doesn't get to go (5)
8 Argue 'til it ties things up. (8)
9 In the habit of being satisfied? (6)
16 Speak disparagingly of the worker? That's bad! (9)
17 Excelling at tall tales on the border? (8)
19 Unexpectedly professional carillonneurs? (7)
20 Something that might crawl in G.I. wear? (6)
21 Act as a pledge, and exist to know it. (7)
22 You might find one sold in a Chinese restaurant. (7)
23 Avoid the prank which takes no notice inside! (6)
25 and 13 across Where 10 is found in this puzzle wouldn't be a first impression. (12)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 828

ACROSS: 1 Stews; 4 Smiths; 11 Ariosto; 12 Unguent; 13 Baguettes; 14 Troll; 15 Transcription; 17 Court reporter; 24 Liability; 25 Cartoon; 26 Erlking; 27 Summer; 28 Osage. DOWN: 2 Trigger; 3 Westerner; 5 Might; 6 Tremolo; 7 Settle; 8 and 22 Lamb's Tales; 9 North Carolina; 10 Pursuit Planes; 16 Tortillas; 18 Oil drum; 19 Editing; 21 Synge; 23 and 20 Smokestacks.

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Lest Things Go Bad

The other day we received a note from one of our readers which gave us reason for deep satisfaction in more ways than one. The writer reveals an attitude toward The Nation, *and a sense of social obligation, that we would be most happy to see spread among all our readers. Here is the note:*

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(signed) LAWRENCE O. BARIL
East Lansing, Mich.

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